

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune." Daily Except Saturdays. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 18-17-23 North First St. Phone 14.

Subscription Rates: By Mail—10 Advance: Daily and Sunday—One Year... \$10.00 Daily and Sunday—Three Months... \$3.00

Official Paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1919. Official Paper of Jackson County.

Member of the Associated Press. Advertising Representatives: WEST-HOLLIDAY COMPANY, INC.

Member of United Press. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Ye Smudge Pot. By ARTHUR PERRY. The average American boy will spend \$5 today celebrating the birth of the nation, experts estimate.

ONE WOMAN'S OPINION. "It is evident that pressure amounting to strong-arm methods is thrusting us toward the 'glory road' into the horrible maelstrom we'll plunge unless a miracle saves us, and out we shall be spewed some day, shamed, repentant, broke, seeing all too clearly what we can not see now—that our hand struck the death blow to democracy.

Then, once more, we shall hear the preachers proclaiming the pacifist creed, editors denouncing profiteers, politicians, and war-mongers, while taxpayers with pockets rifled and sons dead, will swear, as they did in 1919, to fight no more on foreign soil.

The program never changes, nor ever will, I suppose, so long as our evangelistic spirit survives. "Do you think," screams Dorothy Thompson, "that the United States of America can stand aloof from the vicissitudes of the world?"

Sure not! The vicissitudes, as well as the hare-brained idiocies of the world, we make our main business. Our money went to Europe in a stream to rebuild cities that are now laid waste again after 20 years. According to Dr. Hans Zinsser, whose book, As I Remember Him, is just off the press, Herbert Hoover spent \$50,000,000 in Russia right after the Romanoffs fell, to set up a health program which the Leninists could hardly wait to stamp out after they got rid of our Angels of Mercy.

Certainly the vicissitudes of the world are our meat; one only wonders whether we may not one of these days bite off more than we can chew." (Washington, D. C., Herald).

5TH COLUMNIST GETS SEVEN YEARS IN PEN. London, July 4.—(P)—William Saxon-Steer, 42-year-old violinist, was sentenced today to seven years' imprisonment for passing in a telephone booth a label giving the wavelength of a German broadcasting station masquerading as British.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

MOTORISTS ATTENTION. If your motor heats or radiator leaks, see our call HOOPER'S RADIATOR SERVICE. 22 S. Barfield Phone 497

Editorial Correspondence

New York City, July 2.—Here's NEWS. After that hectic week in Philadelphia, New York seems like a peaceful and rather provincial village! Can't get away from Mr. Willkie, Mrs. Willkie and Philip, the son who looks like a high school freshman but is a Princeton graduate.—or did he graduate? We read somewhere he didn't get his diploma because he failed in economics, but his class (of 1940) voted him the member most likely to succeed. At any rate he is the youngest-looking and most different-appearing young man of his years we have ever seen.

And there they were at the performance of "Life With Father," looking exactly as they looked that first night at the Academy of Music, the Sunday before the convention opened. Father smiling and exuberant, Mrs. W. pretty and demure, Philip, pale and glassy-eyed,—only papa really having a good time. (Philip may succeed, but we venture to say not in politics).

There was a great laugh when in the play Papa Day got off that line: "God! Why did God make so many fools and Democrats!" everyone looking at the new presidential candidate, W. W. took it in his stride as usual, but the rest of the family looked as though they would like to beat it.

En passant, one might observe that if the Republican ticket is successful in November, we doubt if the White House ever recovers from the shock of having "Eleanor" replaced by Mrs. Wendell Willkie as its mistress,—in all creation could there really be two very nice women more completely UNalike!

The Willkie family had a hard time getting out of the theatre, also getting in. There were the usual photographers and reporters, and even more of these pestiferous autograph fiends. Apparently the week-end ocean voyage on Roy Howard's yacht had put the candidate in better trim and humor than that hot "morning after the night before" at the Warwick, for he turned nose to the autographers down, that we could see,—reeling off his John Hancock with a smile and a flourish, to the former's immense delight.

"Ain't he just swell!" we heard one of the gals remark as she proudly displayed the signature to her companion. He is, it's the familiar case of "The King is dead. Long live the King!" We could not help but wonder how it MAY be four years hence!

But sufficient unto the day is the triumph thereof and Mr. Willkie is certainly having a triumph and enjoying it. There was another press conference earlier in the afternoon down at 20 Pine street, the Commonwealth and Southern offices, where Mr. Willkie handed in his resignation as president. We didn't attend. Saw one of the Tribune men afterward,—he wasn't at Philadelphia, but like the boys down there, he was most enthusiastic.—"Don't think F.D.R. will be so eager to tangle with that bird," said he.

Our comment on that was to express serious doubt,— "Let that idea get abroad and F.D.R. will not only tangle with him, but give him a terrific battle to the finish." The weather continues perfect,—more like October than July. Comfortably warm in the sun, but at the bottom of one of these skyscraper canyons, where the sun can't get in, an overcoat is comfortable.

Had luncheon at the Central park zoo, on the umbrella-dotted terrace in front of the seal pool. Very nice food, very nice place, and a big crowd, when feeding time for the seals came around. These seals are extremely greedy and gregarious,—how they gobble up the fish, and sated, gather in intimate groups on the sides of the pool in the sun and go to sleep. Two baby seals, only three or four weeks old, attracted much attention and favorable comment,—they slept on their backs,—a baby seal isn't so much a baby as a miniature big seal,—precisely like the parents in every way except in size.

Not so with most babies,—they are all heads, or all feet, and have to crawl before they walk. These baby seals swim as well as the grown-ups,—they don't swim so much as just float through the water.

Took the subway down to Broad Street to see a cousin and get the latest dope on the war and the stock market. He may not always know the real low-down, but he always THINKS he does, and it is a particular pleasure at such a critical time as this to talk with people who have no doubts regarding the future,—it's going to be this, and it ISN'T going to be that. Here is his idea condensed:

"Great Britain will not be crushed by Hitler, but will be rescued by Soviet Russia from that sad fate. In fact, in a very short time Germany and Italy will be at war with Russia, and at peace with both England and France. The reason for this is Hitler's real aim is not westward but eastward, not against England, but Russia,—and England, in spite of all its big talk, will make peace with Germany on a favorable basis, agreeing to back Der Fuehrer against Stalin,—or if not that agreeing not to OPPOSE Germany, as far as its penetration toward the Ukraine and Constantinople is concerned."

Therefore, it's a good time to buy blue-chip stocks at prices based upon the assumption Great Britain will collapse. (Note to Mel Hogan: This is sent as a matter of general information, obtained from sources believed to be accurate, but nothing contained herein is to be interpreted as an offer for a solicitation to buy or sell securities!)

The above view is not sustained by the two local newspaper men we have talked with,—just special writers, not war correspondents. They are frankly DEFEATISTS,—believe Germany will do to England precisely what she did to France in not less than four weeks, and then and not until then will she turn her attention to the "Bear that walks like a man." So put up your money and take your choice!—R. W. R.

CUSTARD PIE ERA VETS PAY TRIBUTE TO TURPIN. Beverly Hills, Cal., July 4.—(P)—Veterans of the custard pie days of silent pictures gathered in a Catholic church yesterday to pay a last tribute to one of the greatest of them all.—Ben Turpin, who turned an affliction into a fortune. Turpin, whose cockeyed comedy made him a star in the long ago days of Keystone Kops and bathing beauties and slapstick fun, died suddenly Monday.

URUGUAY does not have capital punishment.

DRINK PEPSI-COLA. 12 OUNCE BOTTLE 5¢

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large numbers of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

TIME TO REDUCE. Three out of four persons who develop diabetes are overweight at the time and have been overweight for ten years before the diabetes is discovered. If you are totting around twenty pounds of slacker flesh, thanks to your bad habit of indulging appetite after hunger has been satisfied, don't worry about it.



It doesn't mean you are bound to develop diabetes in a little while. If all of us who are too fond of carbohydrates or even half of us were doomed to develop diabetes, the monopoly on the making and sale of insulin would terminate pronto, for even Uncle Sam would hardly have the temerity to permit the majority of adult citizens to be so exploited by the owners of a patent. A patent, believe it or not, sanctioned and defended by the politicians who have gained control of the American Medical Association notwithstanding Sec. 5, Art. I, Chap. III of the American Medical Associations own written Code of Medical Ethics which says "It is unprofessional to receive remuneration from patents for surgical instruments or medicines."

Whatever insidious accumulation of surplus or slacker flesh after thirty may signify in respect to longevity,—and the insurance companies find that it is not favorable — it is a deplorable tendency in any one, from any point of view, least of all in its effect on good looks, comfort and peace of mind. Gradual gain in weight in the decade after thirty is particularly unfortunate if you know of any instance of diabetes in your family history.

Individuals growing stout in their thirties should bear in mind that only two generations ago a good many cases of diabetes escaped recognition because people generally did not consult a doctor until they were unmistakably on the down grade, and even then too often the doctor made a good guess as to the cause of the "run down" condition, prescribed a "tonic" and dismissed the patient without even a routine ur-

inary times, however, rather than concentrating on our own national glories the orators would do better if they brought to the attention of the people problems like that of the children of England. The people of England must fight their own battle, with what pitifully little aid this country can give them. Whatever the outcome, the battle will be dreadful, devastating to all the stored-up riches of a great na-

THE CAPITAL PARADE. By JOSEPH ALSOP and ROBERT KINTNER. Released by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc. Washington, July 4.—The Fourth of July is usually a day of sweaty parades and orate oratory, dedicated to the celebration of the independence of the United States. In these ter-

rible times, however, rather than concentrating on our own national glories the orators would do better if they brought to the attention of the people problems like that of the children of England. The people of England must fight their own battle, with what pitifully little aid this country can give them. Whatever the outcome, the battle will be dreadful, devastating to all the stored-up riches of a great na-

ALWAYS LUDI LUMI DRIABLE CRATERIAN. Mats-35c Inc. tax • Even-50c Inc. tax KIDDIES A DIME ANYTIME. Now! Thru Sat. Night: IT'S TORRIFIC. Holiday Schedule TODAY. Shows at 1:45-3:30 7:00-9:15. JAMES CAGNEY ANN SHERIDAN PAT O'BRIEN. TORRID ZONE. -plus- DONALD DUCK -and- ANDY DEVINS HELEN VINSON. "TELEVISION PREVIEW". SUNDAY! Gay!.. Grand! JOAN CRAWFORD FREDRIC MARCH. SUSAN and GOD. Looks like a saint... but a devil in her heart!

ROXY. Shows 7:00-9:15 • Even-50c, Inc. tax. Kiddies a Dime Anytime. THEY END TONIGHT! DANCING CO-ED. LANA TURNER RICHARD CARLSON. PIUS "CAFE HOSTESS". TOMORROW and SATURDAY! The "Dead End" Kids —march to glory on... "DRESS PARADE". GEORGE O'BRIEN in a SAGA of the Wild West! "West!" LEGION OF THE LAWLESS. VIRGINIA VALE.

SWIM IN DRINKING WATER... The water in this pool is changing constantly and is chlorinated to meet state requirements. MERRICK'S 1 P. M. to 9:45 P. M. \$25.00 REWARD. Will be paid by the manufacturer for any Corn or Callous GREAT CHRISTOPHER POSITIVE CORN SALVE cannot remove. 35c at Your WESTERN THRIFT Store.

tion, and murderous without distinction to old and young, the combatants and the non-combatants, the fighting men, the old men, the women and little children. But if prompt and effective steps can only be taken, the children of England may yet be saved. The steps must be taken soon, for the military experts expect the bombing raids over England to reach their full intensity by July 13 and perhaps sooner. And for the steps to be taken at all, the official inertia of the English and American governments must be somehow overcome. As the Gallup poll has already shown, the people of the United States are ready to welcome the children of England. They ought to realize that if the present system is minority of the heirs of our parent followed, none but a tiny and favored nation will be rescued from the fate which perhaps awaits them. The need is for an immediate mass movement of English children, probably first to Canada, and thence to the homes in the United States where hospitable Americans are ready to welcome them. No such mass movement is now in prospect. Only one English boat a week is bringing refugee children to this country, and only two to Canada. Even these vessels' tragically inadequate accommodations are not fully used. In the first place the English government has not brought home the problem of the children to their people. In the second the American government is still enforcing the immigration system designed not to welcome little children in dire danger of brutal death, but to exclude undesirable aliens. On the present system, any refugee child must find an American who is willing to offer a sworn guarantee to support the child until the age of sixteen, to give financial references of a very substantial kind, and to show some reason, such as friendship with the child's parents, for wishing to undertake the responsibility of the child's care. Unless these prerequisites are met, the child is denied an American visa. Furthermore, unless the child's parents are rich enough to pay the ocean passage the child's guarantors must put up the money also, since the immigration laws forbid the children's passage to be paid by an agency of the English government. Naturally, under such a system, only the incredibly fortunate few among the children of England can obtain entry into the United States. Canada cannot receive enough of them to meet the problem; for Canadian resources are too restricted and the Canadian population is too small to absorb a mass exodus. Thus the first step to be taken is the relaxation of the America visa rules. Once they are relaxed, placing the children in this country will be easy. The agencies now desperately attempting to cope with the problem meet daily with such offers as that which came from a New York woman. She asked for 1500 children. She was told that to assume responsibility for such a little regiment, she would have to guarantee at least \$2,000,000. She replied simply, "Well, I've got \$2,000,000, and what of it?" Meanwhile, the shipping problem also needs to be tackled at once. If the English government could

master its proverbial slowness sufficiently to send as many children as possible for temporary refuge to Canada, they would certainly be allowed entry into the United States in the end. If British shipping facilities are insufficient for the task, the Red Cross has a number of vessels in Europe which have been allowed to enter the combat zone, and could be transformed into transports for some of the children. Some of the neutral shipping now lying idle in American ports might be put in service to bring the children here. And it does not seem too much to ask of congress that American ships be allowed to go to England to bring the children back, whatever the provisions of the neutrality act.

There is one fact to be remembered. Unless there is an appreciation, which seems improbable despite the rumors, the squadrons of Hitler's bombers will soon be raining death all over the British Isles. Whatever their opinions on international affairs, few citizens of the United States will care to decide on the life or death of hundreds of thousands of innocent children in the spirit of Pontius Pilate. The people of America are not the sort to react blandly after the procurator of Judea. "We care for none of these things."

Chicago gang warfare breaks out anew, with three killed. St. Louis endurance fliers expected to return to earth after they have passed the 550-hour mark aloft. Record-breaking crop of huckleberries reported in the mountain areas. Republican politics in Oregon muddled by surplus of candidates for governor. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 4, 1920. (It was Sunday.) Patriotic church services to be held at Phoenix, with special musical under Mrs. Margaret Sheets, in Fourth of July observance. Airplane hits sudden gust of wind and strikes telephone pole between this city and Central Point, and is burned. Greeks defeat Turks, and Russians rout Poles in the west.

Flight O' Time. Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago. TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 4, 1930. (It was Friday.) Nation celebrates the Fourth of July, and hundreds of Medford citizens travel to Ashland through heavy traffic on the Pacific highway, and to Diamond lake, Prospect and the coast. Chicago gang warfare breaks out anew, with three killed. St. Louis endurance fliers expected to return to earth after they have passed the 550-hour mark aloft. Record-breaking crop of huckleberries reported in the mountain areas. Republican politics in Oregon muddled by surplus of candidates for governor. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 4, 1920. (It was Sunday.) Patriotic church services to be held at Phoenix, with special musical under Mrs. Margaret Sheets, in Fourth of July observance. Airplane hits sudden gust of wind and strikes telephone pole between this city and Central Point, and is burned. Greeks defeat Turks, and Russians rout Poles in the west.

Having a wonderful time. Your visit to Seattle will be at its delightful best when you stay at the Olympic. Seattle's finest entertainment... most famous cuisine... make this the dinner dance and supper club center. A thousand comfortable rooms... from \$3.50. OLYMPIC HOTEL SEATTLE WASHINGTON. Frank W. Hull MANAGING DIRECTOR.

starts TODAY—for Three Days! OUR GALA "4th of JULY" DOUBLE-HEADER. A beautiful girl shrunk to doll size... Pitiful puppet of a madman's desire!

THE MOST AMAZING PICTURE EVER MADE! "Dr. CICOLOPS". A Paramount Picture IN TECHNICOLOR!

Human beings shrunk to 13 1/4 inches tall by the diabolical invention of a mad scientist... filmed by the man who made "King Kong"! with ALBERT DEKKER and A CAST OF HUNDREDS. Plus this added Western... filled to the brim with gungui... "The Road to Nowhere" with IRIS MERRITT.

HOLIDAY SCHEDULE TODAY: Complete shows today at 1:45 - 3:15 - 7:00 - 9:15.

Franklin D. Roosevelt if New York mentioned as a vice-presidential nominee on the Democratic ticket. Rogue river at lowest stage of year, and fishing is poor. Harvesting of Bartlett's scheduled to start first week of August. Ann Sheridan and James Cagney Top Torrid Zone Cap. Probably the fastest, funniest comedy-drama that Hollywood has given out with this year is "Torrid Zone." Triple-starred with James Cagney, Ann Sheridan and Pat O'Brien, the new picture at the Craterian rings the bell with every line of its swift-paced dialogue. The triple-threat star trio makes a dynamic combination. Whether Cagney is making love to Miss Sheridan, or fighting with O'Brien, he is indomitable. As for Miss Sheridan, she is exuberantly lovely whether she is cheating the natives at cards, singing the tuncful new song "Mi Caballero" in a cafe, or using her justifiably famous "omph" to ensnare Cagney, or brawling with O'Brien. Cleveland, July 4. — (P) — Cleveland's population dropped in the past 10 years from 900,429 to 878,385, the bureau of census announced today.

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